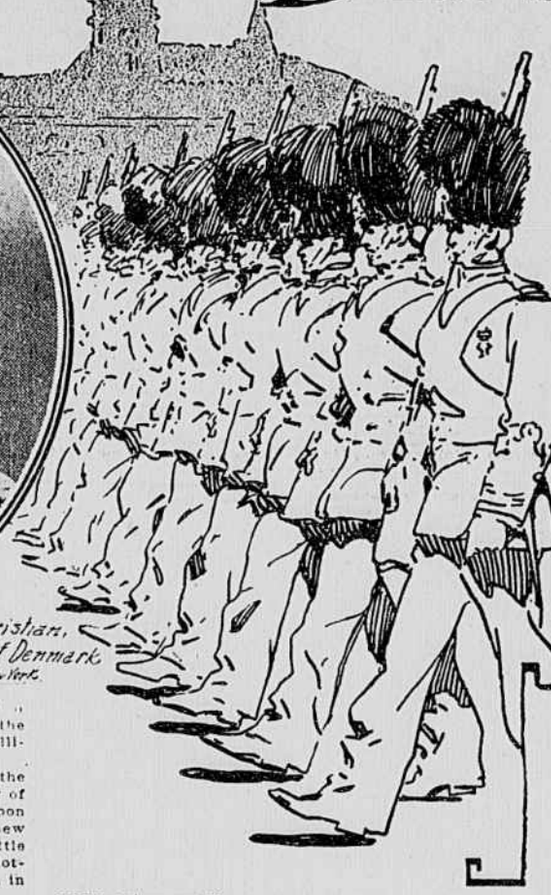
THE DEMOCRATIC RULERS OF DENMARK

Queen Alexandrina, of Denmark. Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

King Christian, the New Ruler of Denmark. Photo by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



The Queen Dowager of Denmark.

Royalty Is Seen at Its Best Where the Reigning Family Prides Itself On Its Good-Fellowship With the People

"BIG Chris! Big Chris!" the children of Copenhagen were wont to holler at the life guards a decade or so ago. Giants, every one of them, were these guardians of the king, and towering even above the "six-footers" or better was the "pivot man" on whom the youngsters trained their vocal batteries.

To those children the muster of the guards was like the turnout of a fire department in America. It offered an excuse for an outlet of the excitement that is latent in every healthy lad and lassie. Those who lived near the streets ordinarily patrolled by the big soldiers were accustomed to foregather when and where they were likely to pass, for the pleasure of yelling "Big Chris! Big Chris!"

Always the tall soldier stalked on, as stately as a springe—which he was. Like his father, King Frederick, he was serving his time in the ranks as a private, just as every Dane had to do. Being well over six feet, he was assigned to the guards. Far from being a sinecure, this assignment carried with it an extra year of service, simply because it is hard to get men large enough to keep up the quota.

Now "Big Chris" is King Christian X, the leading representative of one of the most virile of royal lines, of a race of kings that rank as the most republican of sovereigns and the most democratic of individuals that the courts of Europe can produce.

THE mother of "Big Chris" is the Dowager Queen Louise, who was a princess of Sweden and Norway, daughter of Charles XV of Sweden. She was said, at the time of her marriage, to be the tallest and the wealthiest princess in Europe. Years ago her fortune was estimated at $30,000,000. She was never pretty, but she was as well off in wifely and motherly virtues as she was in this world's goods.

By inheritance, the princes of Denmark are likewise tall. Old King Christian IX, the "father-in-law of Europe," when he was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Queen Victoria of England was a dashing young blade of commanding appearance. His son, the late King Frederick, was every inch a man and soldier. Like "Big Chris," he served in the guards as a private. A youth of 20 he was when his father was crowned, but it made not the slightest difference in his manner of living, except that he spent the Saturdays which the University of Copenhagen allowed him at the Amalienborg palace, instead of at the modest home that his parents had formerly occupied.

STRANGE FREAK OF FATE

It was a strange freak of fate, indeed, that placed Christian IX on the throne of Denmark. A titular prince of Schleswig-Holstein and a few other provinces, he became, after his unsuccessful wooing at the British court, an instructor at the University of Halle. Several times was he removed from the succession. But the Oldenburgs, who were in the direct line, dropped off one by one, until the parliament had to choose a future monarch. Right wise, in the light of later events, was their decision to place Christian on the throne.

Not until a number of years after he had been chosen to the succession did Christian ascend to the throne. Meanwhile his means were scanty. His daughters, one of whom was the future Queen Alexandra of England and another the Czarina Dagmar of Russia, had to scrape along with what a grocer's daughter of the present day would consider a scant income. Likewise with his sons, one of whom died recently and another of whom is King George of Greece.

Once the royal palace and perquisites descended to Christian IX, the family stock went up with a bound. Yet the Crown Prince Frederick, who was then about 20, experienced not the least change. He ate off the same tin plate and cup with the same iron knife and fork as the other guardsmen. His food was as plain and coarse, his riffe as heavy, as if he had come from the plain people. Only after he had received thorough training would he accept promotion to the rank of sergeant.

Through life he was the same unassuming man. On informal occasions it was his desire that he be greeted by his acquaintances like any other citizen; the populace, which would have saluted him on ceremonial occasions, knew that he preferred to be passed without recognition. Not seldom he might be seen standing before a bulletin board, as much interested in the news as the humblest of his subjects.

His son he reared in exactly the same manner. Notwithstanding all the wealth and the royalty that went with his family, "Big Chris" was brought up the same genial, lovable character as his father and his grandfather.

The one sad note in his life, for a time, was his marriage, not because it was unhappy, but because his wife was for several years in quite ill health and had to live mostly in southern climates. She was Alexandrina, a sister of the Crown Princess Celle of Germany. Like all the members of her family by marriage, she was brought up with a large amount of Teutonic common sense. Whatever else the Fatherland's royal women may be, they are certain to be good hausfraus. In this regard their training is just as strict as that of the peasant girls, who will have to provide for big families with little incomes.

Some years ago Jacob A. Riis wrote an account of his experience and that of his wife as guests at the home of King Christian X—a charming pen picture of a charming family, among whom the interest in the United States and its people was of the most intelligent, even vivid kind.

He depicted, in his direct, unadorned way, the whole environment which has molded the character of the ruler; probably no better light could be flung upon a young prince in the making than the Mr. Riis review of all the incidents attending that delightful little excursion of the famous New York writer to Charlottenlund, the home of the king's aged grandfather, in the forest outside of Copenhagen.

The invitation for dinner was presented to the whole Riis family at their hotel by a gold-laced special messenger. Mr. Riis, who doesn't enjoy the formal silk hat and dress coat any more than native-born Americans, exclaimed in English, "The dickens they do!" when Sir Silverstick made the announcement that his company was desired by majesty. You see, as a kid in Copenhagen he had been accustomed to doff his cap in loyal reverence as the crown prince, the late king, passed him on the street, and he was still afflicted with the awe of royalty that had been born in him.

But Sir Silverstick didn't understand English and Mrs. Riis did. She hastily did her duty as a watchful wife, shut her husband up and asked the messenger to thank their royal highnesses and say they would be glad to come.

A MISFIT REJOINDER

So they went, in the lead of the whole procession of royal carriages, in which a lot of princes were following. Forth came the crown princess, mother of King Christian X, her hand outstretched and her voice saying:

"It was very good of you to come out to us."

Of course, it was in Danish, and Mr. Riis hadn't spoken Danish for about forty years and 4000 miles. He dug industriously into his childish memories until, laboriously, his tongue replied:

"How very respectable of you to ask us!"

At that altogether misfit rejoinder the crown princess stared at him, wondering, puzzled, at the eccentricity of genius. But after a moment she understood his dilemma and burst into a delighted laugh. Her husband came up and had to be told. Everybody laughed. It was certainly one on the expatriated author.

They were still in smiles when the children, including the whole generation from among whom Christian X was destined so soon to reign, thronged into the room for introductions.

"It was all quite as neighborly and as informal," Mr. Riis remarked, "as if we had been at home. Fine young people, all of them. * * * They all have the slender, youthful shape of the old king. But for his furrowed face and the tired look that often came into it in the last few years, no one would have thought him over 50, though he was nearly 90. The crown prince, at 61, seemed barely 40.

"My wife was taken in to dinner by a prince, a shy boyish young fellow, whose great ambition, he confided to her, was to live in a New York skyscraper and shoot up and down in the elevator, which was entirely contrary to her inclinations, and she told him so.

"I was not so lucky, but I shall always remember that evening with unalloyed pleasure for the hearty and unaffected hospitality of hosts and everybody. The crown prince talked of America and its people with warm appreciation. * * * He was as interested in everything done for the toiler in our great cities and heard with visible interest of the progress we were making in the search for the lost neighbor."

Charlottenlund Castle, where the old king lived and the new one reigns, is surrounded by a district of small tradespeople, and they knew Christian X, as crown prince, simply as their kindly neighbor. Both he and his father were much given to quiet strolls. So attached were they that they frequently hunted in couples, as the saying goes, and they found strange game many a time. The best story of all that have been told dates back to the time when the old King Christian—he of whose 91 years of age and 50 of appearance was commented on by Mr. Riis—was still alive and looking young as ever.

There was an actress in Denmark then whose beauty and wit charmed all the youth of the country and just about entranced old age. King Frederick made no concealment of the fact that he thought she was a dream. Same thing with his son, the crown prince. Ditto his grandson, now King Christian. One afternoon the old monarch called on the fair miracle of loveliness, and as he entered the hall recognized a hat as already in the ring. He picked it up, studied it closely and remarked to the frightened servant:

"Ach, is my Frederick here?"

"Yes," she replied, trembling. "And Prince Christian also, your majesty."

The king grinned ruefully. "There's no chance for me with those youngsters," he decided, and he quit the field at once.

When Frederick became king and Christian crown prince they made a pair of familiar figures in Copenhagen, and their walks took them into every highway and byway of the town. Once, going further than usual, they found themselves at a far quarter of the docks, with evening's shadows lengthening, when the shrieks of a woman caught their ears. For a moment neither could decide as to the direction of the cries. Christian got his bearings first. He vaulted the wall that gave on the sea and raced toward a little group on the beach. His father was as good a jumper as he, and followed him toward the water's edge in time to see the young man land the first punch of a thorough lamming to a hulking fisherman who had been beating his wretched wife.

The king, aware that his son knew his business, let the fight go on, while he bent over the prostrate woman, whose injuries were serious enough to require hospital treatment. So he called to a couple of navvies to come over and take her up, while his son, all the while was attending to the husky and infuriated husband. By the time the wife was being borne away for surgical treatment Prince Christian had whaled her assailant into submission. So he gripped him by the collar and with no further ado ran him off to jail.

Thoroughly democratic, both of them, with the son emphatically a chip of the old block—a good block and an excellent chip.

STITCHES IT TAKES TO CLOTHE US

A STITCH in time saves nine; and there are more than 30,000 chances in a man's sack coat that his wife may have a quarter of a million to put into it, if she doesn't get on the job early when repairs are due.

By some blessed dispensation of providence, there are only a few localities in men's clothes where the original stitches are prone to need help; and by our national proclivity for buying new suits long before the old are really well worn, it isn't often that there is much restitching to be done, anyway.

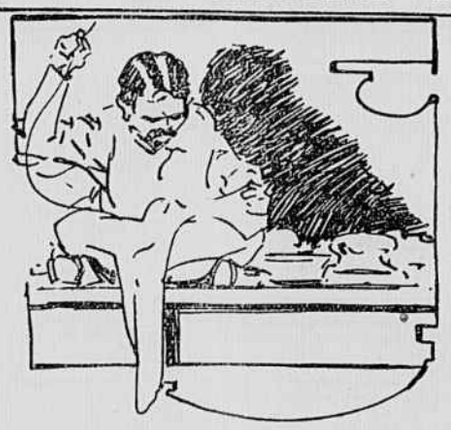
But the overwhelming number of stitches that belong to all garments is something that should appall even this age of machinery; and it certainly did appall all ages previous to ours, down to that last of them when Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt." If the sewing machine and the hated sweatshop weren't combined to do the thing by wholesale, there would be many an automobile owner glad to sport a suit of the vintage of five years ago, and many a bride whose trousseau would contain a much more meager supply of linen.

As it is, stitches by the thousand are reeled off by time instead of number, and most of us can afford to dress for better appearance than the wealthy did a century ago. But there has been a tremendous increase in the amount of sewing done; and it is only when one learns just how many stitches go into representative garments that he realizes what immensity of labor is demanded to make him moderately comfortable.

IT WOULD be virtually impossible for any one to tell how many stitches are in their clothes, and it is doubtful if any two persons carry the same number. Nevertheless there are few who have less than 25,000 or 26,000 stitches in their garments.

One tailor in Kansas City, Mo., after stitching and stitching for years, both in this country and Sweden, had his curiosity so aroused that he decided to count the stitches as he made a coat. Herman Axene found the job more difficult than his work, but he kept on, and when he was through totaled up 32,937 stitches. Of these, 23,560 were done by machine and the rest by hand. The coat was a four-button sack, thirty-two inches long and single stitched.

For the five pockets, 6297 machine stitches were needed, in addition to 428 by hand. Then the seams needed 5979 stitches by machine, and 2249 hand stitches were used for the inside work, lapels, edge tape, etc. The basting for the trying on, etc., contained 2151 hand stitches. The collar and coat stitching took



up more time than any other part, for 6365 machine and 1695 hand stitches were required.

For the making of the sleeves there were 3384 machine stitches and 616 hand stitches, with an additional 756 by machine and 705 by hand to put the sleeves in place. The buttonholes and buttons even needed 630 stitches; and then there were stitches to the tune of 1015 by machine and 622 by hand for miscellaneous purposes.

Some people would think it waste of time to count the stitches on such a job and to tabulate them, but not so with Axene. He explained that in Sweden, where he learned his trade, he was taught not to spare the stitches. He had often wondered as he sat with his legs crossed how often he would have to push the needle through a coat before it was completed. He decided that the best way to know was to experiment for himself, and he did. He kept a tablet at his side and every time he counted 100 strokes he made a mark. He found that on his machine 4½ stitches were taken at every stroke of the pedal. He figured that there were forty-five stitches to ten strokes, and so he put his mark down at every tenth stroke.

Axene found the stitch-counting of a coat a task in itself, and he didn't go any further; but tailors estimate that there are nearly as many stitches in a pair of trousers or a skirt as in a coat. Each leg of a trouser is closely stitched on both sides, bringing the number of stitches between 15,000 and 20,000, and often more. The same is true of a strictly tailor-made skirt, which seldom contains less than 19,000 stitches and often needs more work than a coat.

In the matter of stitches, appearances are deceitful, for the dresses that appear the simplest often need the most work. The light summer dresses, needing yards of lace and pleats and frills, are often a trial to the dressmaker, for stitches by hand and machine to the total of 30,000 and 40,000 are needed before the garment is completed. As for the magnificent ball gowns that grace the ballroom floors during the social season, it would take a week to count their stitches, and madame would be disappointed in the delivery of the gown if she waited until the dressmakers counted as they toiled. It has been estimated by a dressmaker that many of the fair dancers carry 100,000 stitches or more upon them. For here, too, the frills and ornaments must be taken into consideration, and then if there is a train, a few 10,000 more stitches are required.

And then the bride. She is also given thousands of extra stitches for good measure—satin, messaline and crepe de chine all need their share of close stitching, and few go to the altar without 50,000 or 60,000 stitches, anyhow, in their outer garments. And then the lace veil must not be forgotten. The handwork on it perhaps took weeks to complete. Even gloves have their share of stitching, for with the long varieties there can be counted 1000 or more needle strokes.

As for shoes, whether they are white, black or brown, they all have their quota of stitching. And low shoes often need as many stitches as the high ones. The size of milady's foot doesn't make much difference, either. For it is often the smaller shoes that take the most work.

SMALL SHOES, MANY STITCHES

For that matter, the soft, old-fashioned shoes, of sizes eight and nine, that elderly men wear, carry fewer stitches than madame's number four or five.

One shoemaker recently consented to count a number four, keeping close tabs on it as it passed from one worker to another, and when it was completed there was a grand total of 1862 stitches. Six separate pieces of leather were required for this shoe, and they all had to be sewed closely together with fine machine stitches. Then the soles and heels had to be attached, and in addition to the stitches, a few nails were needed.

And then the tongues had to be sewed tightly into place, and whether the shoe is of the button or lace variety, the eyelets, hooks and buttons need their full share of stitches, a dozen or more being required for each eyelet.

Another article that every one carries often has hundreds of stitches hidden around its margins. It is the handkerchief. As is the case with shoes and other goods, it is true here also that the small, fancy varieties carry twice and three times as many stitches as the large, plain affairs. Lace embroidered kerchiefs are estimated to run anywhere from 300 to 3000.

Even in your homes you will find articles, fancy and otherwise, in which are secreted thousands and thousands of stitches. If you want to surprise yourself some time, count an inch or so of stitches and then begin to estimate.

Caterpillar's Death Produces Vegetables

NATURALISTS in that wonderful land of curiosities of far-away New Zealand, where we may apparently expect to find most anything, have discovered a curious caterpillar, resembling some certain specimens found in parts of America, that actually produces vegetable life when it dies.

The caterpillar is several inches long and grows no hair, but has a very smooth skin.

So far as has been learned, this creature is not dangerous, and it has not been found damaging any particular form of vegetation.

When the last few days of this strange worm's life is at hand, it prepares for its body a grave in the sandy soil.

Occupying its grave, it covers itself when the earth and soon dies.

A number of other caterpillars bury themselves, but a moth or butterfly is the result. In this case, instead of some insect being born, a form of vegetation springs into life.

A small, tender sprout issues from the grave, and after a few days' growth a few delicate green leaves open out on the top of the small shoot. The plant lives for weeks.

An investigation by naturalists reveals the fact that the shoot starts from the head of the curious caterpillar. The body of the worm does not decay or wither, but remains the same shape it was in life, and is filled with a lot of very small roots from the growing plant.

These tiny roots do not puncture the outer skin of the caterpillar, but seem to feed upon the contents of the dead body.

When removed from the earth the entire form of the creature is distinctly visible. Its eyes are there, and the body of the plant seems to have started from a point where it would be supposed the creature's brains were located, if it is possible it had any, and the roots all run one way, into the body of the dead worm.

So far as has been learned, the plant having its birth in the dead body of this strange form of life is not like any other form of vegetable life in New Zealand, but its real properties have not been fully determined.

A Pet Pig of 1812

SOLDIERS are fond of pets. A dog attached to a regiment is sure of kind treatment. He may be nobody's dog, but he is everybody's favorite.

An eagle, "Old Abe," was the pet of a Wisconsin regiment during the civil war. In the great review held in Washington at the close of the war many veterans were observed carrying favorite crows and opossums.

Perhaps the strangest pet that ever attracted a regiment's fancy was a pig. She attached herself to a Kentucky regiment on the way to invade Canada during the war of 1812.

As the men marched out from Harrodsburg one morning they came across two pigs fighting. They halted to see it out. When the march was resumed the victorious pig followed the regiment. When they encamped at night the pig halted and found a shelter. The next morning the pig started with the regiment, and when it stopped the pig halted. Day by day it trotted along until the Ohio river was reached. A ferryboat transported the troops to Cincinnati, but the pig swam the stream and waited on the other side until the regiment took up its line of march.

During the long tramp to the lake piggy received her full share of rations. Occasionally the men were put on short commons, but no one thought of stinting the regiment's pet.

When they came to the lake's shore piggy was offered a passage across to Canada. She refused to stir from American soil.

When the campaign closed the troops recrossed to American soil, where they had left their horses. As the line was being formed a familiar grunt was heard. There was piggy, ready to resume the march. On the homeward way the pig suffered greatly from the cold weather. It crossed, however, the Ohio river, and then gave out.

Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, had piggy conveyed to his farm, and there she passed her days in indolence and good living, honored as the regiment's mascot.

An Aged Grapevine

ONE of the most wonderful plants in the fruit-bearing class is the scuppernong grape. It is an old and excellent variety, and in a number of instances the vine has been known to live and bear fruit for many years.

When Sir Walter Raleigh's party sailed from England to the new world in 1584 it is said they planted one of these vines on Roanoke island in North Carolina.

This vine is still there and is bearing big crops of delicious fruit. It is a thrifty vine, and covers quite a lot of land with its fruit-bearing branches. The people who own it are taking the best of care of the highly prized relic of early history.

The men who planted it had no idea of the time it would live, and the wonderful progress the country would make before the vine saw the end of its usefulness.

Many persons have been offering good prices for vines started from this parent vine and for cuttings from its branches.